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ADDRESS

DELIVERED

BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF NAHANT,

Memorial Day,

1882.

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

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JUNE 1, 1882.

VOTED, That the thanks of the citizens of the town of Nahant be given to H. C. LODGE for his Address on Memorial Day, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

By

EDWARD J. JOHNSON, }
EDWIN W. JOHNSON, } *Memorial Day*
T. J. CUSICK, } *Committee.*

ADDRESS.

CUSTOM and law have set this day apart and consecrated it to the memory of those who fell in the war of the rebellion. It comes just at the parting of the seasons, the central point of the natural year. We stand here, with the months of snow and frost, with the months of alternating sunshine and rain, of spring and seed-time, behind us; and as we pause upon the threshold of summer, we look forward to the days of warmth and ripening, and to those of harvest and fruitage. That memorial day should come at such a time seems to me a fine coincidence, and full of a beautiful significance. We gather to commemorate the deeds of those who endured the winter of our discontent, who bore the burden in the dark days, who sowed the seed when the clouds of spring began to break, and left it to us, for whom they did so much, to rest quietly in the summer sunshine of peace and prosperity, and in the mellow autumn reap the harvest which they planted. It is a day peculiarly fit for the loving and solemn tribute which is everywhere rendered to the dead. With reverent hands we lay our flowers upon their graves: —

“ Where Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

We stand here for the moment shut out from the noisy, hurried stream of active life, with its myriads of eager, jostling, contending interests, which flowed by so rapidly yesterday, which will flow again as swiftly tomorrow, bearing with it our thoughts, our energies, our hopes and fears. In the quiet of this day, solemn in its meaning and purposes, doubly still from the pause which it brings in the rush and roar of every-day existence which lies before and behind it, we give ourselves up to the past, and to memories at once glorious and sad.

“ All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God.”

Last year I saw it stated in the newspapers that it was to be feared that the celebration and observance of this day were declining. For one, I cannot and do not believe this. It is changing somewhat in its character, it is true, but it is not fading. It is losing its personal quality, that which gave it birth, and with the lapse of time the element of mourning is slipping away from it. It is, in a word, becoming more impersonal. This could not be, nor would we wish it to be, otherwise; for memorial day is thus in the order of development taking on a broader and deeper significance. It is coming to stand as the annual recognition of an era in the life of the nation, and to represent the war and all the work and results of the war. For more than a hundred years we have celebrated the Revolution which freed us from colonial dependence, and the Fourth of July is still strong in our affections, and as I believe valued and valuable.

So this day is growing to be the emblem of our recognition of that mightier revolution by which the Union was preserved, slavery destroyed, and true democracy firmly established. It is well for a people to set up these rare landmarks, in order to point out to their posterity the great epochs of their history. It is meet and proper that a pause should now and then be made in every-day life, so that we may turn our eyes from the present to the past, and in the past learn our duty to the present. Rightly applied, rightly used, such days ought to be full of instruction and of improvement. If we cannot draw lessons in patriotism and devotion to one's country from a day like this, whence can we get them? It will be a sorry time for us when we cannot spare two days in the year to the two greatest events of our national life, or when we cease to care for the great examples of sacrifice and devotion which have given us a country. Many years will pass, many centuries I hope, before we become so indifferent to the Revolution and the War of the Rebellion that we cannot give a few hours to learn the lesson taught by the men and the events which have caused those days to be set apart.

It is well to pause in the hurry of small things, and look for a time at the great things which have gone. It is well for us, it is our duty, to now and then step out of the busy present, and stand silent and humble before the great memories of the past. Even as we come here to-day and turn our thoughts backward, the present drops away from us; the mist of the years departed rolls away; the veil of time is lifted around us, and we are again in the midst of the hurrying days and dread

events which filled those peaceful graves. Again the torn flag on Sumter falls, again we hear the call of the President, and again we see the men of Massachusetts starting forward to do their duty. Once more the words of the great war Governor ring in our ears as the troops leave Boston, and there comes over the wires the news of the bloodshed in the streets of Baltimore, — of the first battles and of the first defeats. Then follow the years of war, of trial and sorrow, of the waiting in darkness and doubt, which then seemed so long, until at last comes the emancipation of the slaves, the clouds gradually disperse, our veteran armies under tried leaders march on from victory to victory, Richmond falls, the war ends, and peace returns to mourn for the great statesman and patriot whose death was the crowning sacrifice. Again in thought we welcome back the brave men who have survived; and then we turn aside to sorrow over those who have gone. But the years pass on, and time, the one unfailing consoler and comforter, heals the deep wounds and hushes the sharp cry of anguish for the dead. We no longer grieve with the bitter sense of personal loss, but come together in each year as spring closes to do honor to the memory of those who died in a great cause, and by grateful thoughts and service strive to render homage to those who achieved so much. The men of Massachusetts who died in the war need no trite eulogy at my hands. They gave their lives for their country. In that simple phrase lies all that can be said. The heaped up words of praise and admiration cannot add one jot or tittle to the heroic simplicity of the bare fact. Therein is condensed every attribute

of sacrifice and patriotism. Man can do no more than lay down his life for his country. They neither need nor would they wish the vainglory of reiterated praise. We can say best, with our great war poet: —

“ Wut ’s words to them whose faith an’ truth
 On war’s red techstone rang true metal,
 Who ventered life an’ love an’ youth
 For the gret prize o’ death in battle?
 To him who, deadly hurt, agen
 Flashed on afore the charge’s thunder,
 Tippin’ with fire the bolt of men
 Thet rived the Rebel line asunder? ”

What in truth are words to such men, capable of such deeds? By their works ye shall know them, and the voices that come to us from their silent graves tell us to look at the results they achieved, and learn from their work and from their lives the great lessons which they teach.

As I have reflected upon what I should say to-day, the emptiness of mere panegyric — ever of little worth — has come home to me with tenfold force in the presence of this great theme. It has seemed to me that the most fitting service was to consider the purpose with which these men gave up their lives, and then, in the light of what they did and suffered, try our own short-comings in the path of public duty, and dwell for a moment on the way in which we could endeavor to be most worthy of the dead whom we honor.

The object for which they fought was like all great objects, however wide and far-reaching the ultimate scope, at once simple and grand. They did not go out for conquest, as the southern leaders falsely said, in order to rouse their own people to a war, the object of which

at the outset had to be disguised in order to be borne by the masses in the South. They did not go forth in defence of their homes. There was no need of that. They had nothing to do but stand still, and there would have been no war. They had only to let the South alone, and there would never have been even an attempt to invade the North. They did not spring to arms in order to save their personal freedom, for their personal freedom was not in danger. They drew their swords for a great principle, and for that alone. They believed, and we believe, that that principle is vital to the best interests of freedom and of humanity, and for this lofty purpose they laid down their lives. They did not fight to free the slaves even. The irrepressible conflict between slavery and freedom brought on the war, but was not its purpose. The South, at the moment when it realized that by the will of the majority acting in legal and constitutional methods slavery was doomed, determined to sacrifice the Union of the States to their peculiar institution. The northern people would not have endangered the Union by a war to abolish slavery. They were content to use the slow, sure, and peaceful means of law, politics, and public opinion, to gradually wipe out that crime against humanity and that curse of our nation, property in man. But when they were ready to yield so much, to go so slowly in advancing the cause of freedom, they were equally determined that any attempt on the other side to dissolve the Union in order to perpetuate this foul blot should be resisted by all their strength, and the Union preserved at all hazards; and this was the object for which they fought.

The integrity of the nation was at stake, and men never fought and never could fight for a nobler prize. Not only mere territorial integrity was assailed, but the best hope, the safest refuge of men of all conditions and creeds, was threatened with ruin. The great experiment of representative democracy and of popular government was in peril. Instead of one great nation, one undivided country beyond the reach of wars where alone men could find lasting peace and prosperity, we were menaced with a division into two confederacies lying side by side, with a long frontier, and representing two systems of government as different as darkness and light, and in which the longer they were parted, the more intensified would their diversities have become. A constant strife would have been almost inevitable. Instead of a system of freedom founded on free and honorable labor extending over the whole country, we should have had it confined to the North, and an aristocracy based upon human slavery holding the South. Popular government was in sore peril of being curtailed and hemmed in by a system utterly and fatally hostile to it. The greatest free government and the truest democracy in the world were staked on the event of the war, and bound up in the victory of the North. The magnitude of the interests involved in the maintenance of the Union, not simply to us, but to mankind, goes almost beyond conception. Europe in general, but England and France especially, looked on eager to see the great republic fail, democracy break down, and a power which threatened to overshadow them diminished and degraded. They longed to have two jarring and warring states, opening the door

to military rule, take the place of one united, indivisible, all-powerful, and peaceful republic. From all this the men to whose memory we consecrate this day, and men like them, saved us. They cut out the festering spot which had impaired the health and menaced the life of the body politic from the foundation of the government. They swept away the un-American system of an aristocracy based upon serfdom, and made our Northern system of a free democracy resting upon free labor prevail everywhere within our boundaries. This service was rendered as much to the South, which resisted it, as to the North, which upheld it. The benefit of the war, like the war itself, was not for a section, but for the Union, for the whole country; and the peace which the war has given us must also be national in all its attributes. All this our armies did. They not merely tore up human slavery by the roots, which was the greatest social effect of the struggle; but they made firm, constant, and enduring the peace and union of the States; and it is that union which is to-day, and which ever must remain, their noblest monument.

Let us pause a moment to consider what the Union means, besides the great principles and the world-wide interests to which I have already alluded as bound up in its maintenance. First of all, the Union means peace, lasting peace. As one of the bravest men and most brilliant soldiers of Massachusetts, General Bartlett, said in one of his letters, "We are fighting for peace, and that is what we long for." There is no contradiction in this; it is the utterance of a profound truth, and one which, as I believe, was keenly felt by our soldiers.

They gave the deepest proof of it when, on the conclusion of the war, they laid down their victorious arms without a word, and, after four years of strain and excitement, returned quietly to civil life. That in itself was a great victory, and proved as much as anything the sound character of our institutions and of our people.

The Union means also freedom in every sense. Political freedom, because its maintenance involves the destruction of slavery, and because it means peace. If we had now two hostile confederacies, we should be in continual peril of war; which would carry with it standing armies; and liberty in its fullest sense, and as we understand it, cannot long exist side by side with a great standing army. Then it means freedom of trade. English economists are always attacking our policy of protection; but they overlook the fact that we maintain free trade over a larger area than anywhere else in the world. This would have perished with the Union.

Then again the Union means wealth and prosperity, and the largest opportunity for every individual and for every form of enterprise. We now have open to us every variety of climate, soil, and production. We have the great mines and cornfields of the West, the cotton plantations and orange groves of the South, the manufactures and fisheries of the North and East. Think how much comfort and well-being all this implies, and how sadly it would have been curtailed if the South had succeeded. Last and most important of all, the Union means the spread of popular education, and the consequent elevation of the whole people.

Take it from another point of view, the effect of our

Union upon the civilized world. There is no rhetoric and no exaggeration in saying, as I did just now, that the magnitude of the interests involved in the Union went almost beyond conception. The mind with difficulty grasps even the near future of this country. Our material resources are practically without limit. In an average year of good crops, gold flows in a steady stream from Europe to pay us for our exports. Last year 700,000 emigrants came to our shores. This year the statistics thus far show that we shall receive over a million. It is a great mistake to suppose that this vast body is composed of shiftless paupers. The lowest and poorest, the least desirable classes of the community in the Old World, do not come to us. There is some chaff mixed with wheat, but, as a rule, broken men and women without energy or hope do not emigrate. We get now chiefly the active, vigorous families of the middle classes, mechanics, merchants, laborers, and they come almost wholly from the hardy races of the North. We are a rich people, worth, if all the capital in the country were divided to-morrow, \$150 apiece. Yet our emigrants are worth, on an average, \$100 each, and that shows very clearly that they are, as a rule, people of substance. We see from this, too, that the emigration of last year represented \$70,000,000 of capital, and that of this year will represent \$100,000,000 besides the vast addition to the labor force of the country. All this is going on at a rapidly accelerating pace, and an empire is growing beneath our very eyes destined to be the greatest ever seen. Try this statement by its effects. Our cheap corn and beef pouring into

Europe, our competition in trade and in the men whom we draw here by better wages than can be found elsewhere, are breaking down the terrible military systems which are drawing the life-blood of the people abroad. Within a year there appeared in one of our reviews an article on this subject by an eminent German, Prof. Von Holst, who has devoted his life to a study of our institutions ; and he there affirms just what I have been saying, and shows that, before American competition and American principles of government, the great standing armies and privileged classes must be given up, or the countries of Europe will go to bankruptcy and ruin. We have beaten them in the production of the great staples, the necessaries of life. We are certain to beat them in the long run in manufactures and commerce ; and, most fatal of all, in the competition for men we are steadily drawing, in ever-increasing numbers, the best elements, both mentally and physically, of the laboring population of Europe.

Thus we are destroying by the gentle hand of peace and prosperity the military systems of Europe. That beneficent power comes from the Union ; and think of the good which it means to humanity ! Ought we to spare any effort to perfect the government of a nation doing such a work in the world ! But while we admire our great material well-being, our growing literature, our budding arts, yet those things which should be to us of more price than all else are our principles of freedom, peace, and equality before the law. Can we have too great a love for a country which represents these principles, and which is doing and can do such a work for

mankind? The means may be prosaic, but are we not, by our tranquillity, prosperity, free popular government, and national well-being, saying to the world in practice what a great English poet was crying more than half a century ago,—crying in the wilderness when Europe was held down by the Holy Alliance of emperors and kings:—

“ The world’s great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn.
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

“ Another Athens shall arise,
 And to remoter time
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendor of its prime,
 And leave, if aught so bright may live,
 All earth can take or Heaven can give.”

This is the dream of a poet if you will; but it is no dream that we can help and are helping forward the cause of freedom and peace. It is no dream that we have a great mission and a great work as a nation, and that we must rise up to the level of our high responsibilities. All this to us and to mankind the Union means, and even more which I cannot touch upon, but which we all feel. That we have all this prosperity and peace, and this great opportunity to serve our fellow-men, we owe to those who fought the War of the Rebellion.

By war and by lavish sacrifice of life and treasure the Union was preserved, and upon us devolves the task of completing the work so dearly paid for. If we would emulate the example and follow the wishes of those

who fought the war, we must strive by all the arts of peace to perfect the Union which they have preserved. Time has done much in this direction, as it always does, to heal wounds, to reunite warring States, to restore friendship and good feeling. Commerce, trade, and every form of industry, are doing still more, and the pre-eminent generosity and kindness of the American people have done most of all. But all the scars are not gone; the dying embers of strife are fast growing dark, yet they leap up every now and then, — more and more fitfully, it is true, as the years go by, but still from time to time into a hot flame. The old passions are subsiding, but ever and anon they flare up. While this lasts, the work of the war is still imperfect. With us it lies to make

“ This land
Clear through from sea to sea
Believe and understand
The wuth o’ bein’ free.”

We have overcome the South in war, we must now complete our victory by peace and good-will, asking only, but asking always, an honest acceptance of results. This work we must do strongly, patiently, and with forbearance; and it must be done everywhere, and by all parties, until the strife is forgotten, and only the results of our great struggle are remembered, and remembered only to be blessed. We must finally obliterate sectional parties and geographical politics, for the war was fought to destroy sectionalism and make union perpetual. No party based on race or class prejudice, or appealing to either, ought to rule again anywhere in this country;

and in my judgment it never will, for it is hostile to the very essence of American liberty. The end is not far distant,—the great end for which those men fought whose memory we celebrate to-day,—when every party and every shade of political belief shall have fair dealing in every State, north and south, east and west. But while we await this consummation, we must exercise a large charity and a wise forbearance. We must complete by the smiling arts of peace the great work achieved for the Union by the rude hand of war.

I have alluded to the vast interests and the wide meaning of that Union for which the war was fought,—something so much deeper and more far-reaching than even the maintenance of certain political relations among the States. I believe these men who went forth to lay down their lives saw and felt, some clearly, some dimly perhaps, but all in a well-defined degree, the extent and meaning of the prize for which they strove. They have put these great interests which pertain to mankind, so far as human effort could do it, beyond the reach of attack; and again it lies with us, as we revere their memory, as we honor brave men, and brave, unselfish deeds, to perfect their work. They have preserved and established on a firmer basis than ever the great and only successful example of representative democracy, of purely popular self-government. They have kept this great country united under one flag, master of a continent able to dictate to a hemisphere, and offering to all men the fairest chance there is for freedom, improvement, well-being, and happiness. To us they have bequeathed all this, and with it a heavy responsibility. It must not

only not suffer in our hands, it must be brightened, perfected, and raised up until it becomes a model to the world. Neither wars nor rumors of wars come near to disturb us. We have great prosperity and lasting peace to help us in doing our duty. These men believed our government worth dying for; we should be false to them and to ourselves did we not prove it to be worth living for. There are reforms to be effected; there is a constantly jealous care to be displayed in favor of just and beneficent laws. No great issues, fortunately, press upon us; but there is plenty to be done,— vast interests are to be guarded, and purity and efficiency to be cultivated.

I fear that I deal in generalities, and those above all things are foreign to this day and to the lives of those who are gone, and to whom this time is sacred. In all the thoughts which have crowded upon me as I have reflected upon the objects and meaning of our commemoration service, nothing has come home to me so strongly, nothing has appeared so full of a deep lesson, nothing has seemed to me so worthy of imitation, in the lives and deeds of our soldiers, as the element of reality and truth. It has passed into a truism that war is a stern reality; but it is not that to which I refer. It is the reality of the acts, hopes, aspirations, and beliefs of those men who died in the war that I have in mind, and it is on that thought that I desire most especially to dwell.

Let us pause to-day for a moment to inquire whether we do our work for the country as thoroughly, as unselfishly, as rigidly, as they did. Let us ask ourselves whether we uphold our convictions as unflinchingly as

they did, and whether we display as much public spirit and devotion to the public weal ; and, above all, whether we keep always before us their standard of action, and are as true and genuine in our lives as citizens of the republic as they. I wish we could answer all these questions at once in the affirmative ; but I fear that the insidious gentleness of peace and prosperity has relaxed, as was to be expected, the practice of some of the virtues called out by war. Peace does not demand the same qualities as war ; but it does demand as high a standard of conduct in all that relates to our country. It will not be unprofitable, and it will show us more clearly than anything else the virtues of our dead soldiers, if we for a moment try to see where we fail.

We are as a people too much given in ordinary life, and in politics especially, to substituting names for things. We are too ready to be satisfied with words rather than deeds. This does not arise from any confusion of ideas, still less from any lack of acute perception. We are very keen as a people, we have abundance of common sense ; but we are also the most easy-going and good-natured people on earth, and this good nature is responsible for many short-comings. In private and personal intercourse, whether of business or pleasure, easy good-nature lends a charm, and we are too shrewd a race ever to sacrifice our business interests to it. We do not suffer ; on the contrary, we gain as individuals by this pleasant national characteristic. But when we carry this good nature untempered by a watchful sense of private interest into public affairs, then the mischief is afoot. We begin to smooth bad things over with

fine phrases, and magnify small things which are perhaps all very well in their way by describing them in big words. We are too apt to try men too exclusively by what they say, — not, as we ought, by what they do; we let our good nature blind us to justice; we allow ourselves to put forward men who are seeking to know what we think, instead of declaring what they think themselves, — men who wish to run with the crowd, instead of leaders who have been trained and schooled to their work, whom we should be ready to follow, and who can also be held, and would be held, to a strict responsibility. In all this the stern, watchful spirit of our soldiers is not so ever present with us as it should be, and the result is, that we get a number of things in public affairs which we christen with very fine names that do not in the least belong to them. Questions affecting the public welfare, questions of foreign and domestic policy, of trade, commerce, and finance, — these are the great and important parts of politics and statesmanship. Are we not too apt to allow them to be pushed aside, and permit their place and honored name to be usurped by matters of small moment and by things of mere petty and personal interest? The American people have more sound common sense than any people in the world; they know true statesmanship, and true politics, and genuine leaders, but they dislike trouble; they hate to be exacting and fault-finding, and so they go easily along, and content themselves with fine words, and exercise an unending forbearance in public affairs; and the result is often very unfortunate for the best interests of the country, which we allow to stumble on

as best they may, and trust to luck to come out right in the end.

I am well aware that I seem in what I have just said to be going beyond the subjects of the day we commemorate, but in fact I am not. The truest homage we can render to our dead who have served us so infinitely beyond the possibility of repayment is to follow their example, to cherish and perfect their work, to act as we know they would have acted, and would have wished us to act, in order to live up to their high standard of patriotism and public duty. I have criticised the indifference and the misplaced good nature which as it seems to me warp our public life to-day, and I ask you again to consider the splendid reality and truthfulness of the acts and thoughts of the men who died in the war. They fought for the attainment of a great public end with perfect unselfishness and solely for the interests of the whole country. There was a grand simplicity and directness in their objects. No words were needed to disguise, to enlarge, or to give a false glamour to their purposes and their sacrifices. They went out to save the Union and serve the country, and they gave proof of what they intended by the hardships of the camp, by the danger and courage of the battle-field, by the hideous sufferings of Libby and Andersonville. They used no words, none were needed, to tell what they meant to do, they sought no idle phrases to hide a lack of meaning. They did their duty, each man for himself as it came to him to do, and they wrote their achievements on the pages of history by brave deeds, and left it to those who

came after to do them justice. They did not seek for place, or money, or power, by cajolery, or flattery, or by striving to put themselves always just in the wake of what they supposed to be public opinion; but they did the work the country needed, and needed so sorely, as it came to them to do,—as they saw it,—and they did it silently and according to their convictions, and left their deeds to appeal in dumb and splendid dignity to their fellow-citizens for the deathless honor which history awards, and for the poor material recompense which a grateful country might see fit to grant.

By the tests by which they expected to be tried themselves, they tried their leaders. Men rose to command by what they did, not by what they said; by their performances, not by their promises, or their explanations and apologies. Men were leaders, were colonels and generals, because they could lead, not because they had the shrewdness to follow; and if they failed, the hard judgment of war was meted out to them. The man who led our soldiers through Georgia, the man who received Lee's sword at Appomattox, did not come there by influence, by sympathy, by promises, or by fair words. They pointed to their battle-fields, and said, By what we have done, learn what we can do. On these grounds they asked for trust and command, and on these grounds, and these alone, we gave it to them. Truth and reality of hope and purpose, the test of work done and of victories won,—these are the great characteristics of the war time and of the men who fought the war. And shall not we take their qualities into public life and

public affairs as they did? We cannot all be leaders or generals, but we can all be private soldiers; and is it not in that humble rank that we find as high patriotism and public spirit as in any, and even greater unselfishness? Shall we not strive for their patriotism, generosity, reality, and truth? Is it not our bounden duty, if we would be worthy of all they did and suffered, to endeavor at least to live up to their high standard, and try ourselves and each other by it? No man who honors the dead, and loves this country as they did, can give but one answer to these questions. It is true that, thanks to those who fought the war, we do not live amid the shock of arms, or in any danger of it. It is true that, fortunately for us and for the country, we do not live in a time of great, burning moral issues, but in the days of piping peace and a rich prosperity. But are we on this account to sit down with folded hands, and be content with the fruit of other men's labor and sacrifice? Is there no work for us to do? It seems to me there are always many ways to serve one's country, even if it is not torn with the dissensions of irrepressible conflict, or rent in twain by the stern hand of war. Fortunately for us, the questions with which we have to deal are commonplace and dry, but they are also difficult and important.

We must guard the Union and the principles which it represents, insuring to every man in all this broad land, no matter how weak or humble, safety, liberty, and equal legal and political rights. We should be basely false to our trust did we not do this. We must protect and

cherish local self-government, as one of the corner-stones of our political system. We must protect and purify the ballot-box, so that our elections everywhere shall be clean, fair, and above reproach. In our currency the questions of silver coinage and legal-tender notes are still unsettled, and are not without danger in the recurring periods of business depression, when there is always a temptation to be dishonest with the public finances. The coinage of a depreciated silver must be checked, and the legal-tender law repealed, restoring us to the coined money of the Constitution. There is the tariff, which must be revised and simplified, the great question of a change in our civil service system, the reconstruction of our navy, and the revival of our commerce. Then, again, there is the railroad question. We have built up a vast system of railroads, which have become so powerful that, unless we control them, they will soon control us. They must be dealt with, not in a spirit of wild, unreasoning, ignorant hostility and hate, but wisely, firmly, carefully, and after long and patient investigation.

I have briefly touched on these points, on which, while reflecting men may differ as to methods, all agree as to the objects, and I ask, Is there in all this no need for the broadest and wisest statesmanship, for strong and able leaders, for earnest and devoted patriotism and public spirit,—in short, for the spirit of our soldiers? Is there no room here to do good work for our country, in the same spirit as those whose lot it was to do so much greater and braver deeds? Can we not emulate them

in a lesser degree, but in as true a fashion, by carrying on the great and unending work, which belongs to every good citizen, of defending, upholding, and improving a system of government which was saved at the price of many precious lives? Surely it is our clear duty to do all this.

I have tried to bring home the beauty and the patriotism of the lives of those who died in the war by applying their guiding principles to the every-day questions of public affairs with which it is our business to deal. To me, as to all of us, this day and its services are very solemn and very impressive, and it is our one wish to do fit reverence and homage to those to whose memory the day is consecrated. The last thing they would ask of us would be, as I have said, mere eulogy. The sacrifices of the war surpass eulogy, and make it all look tame and poor. But as we recount the great qualities of mind and character called forth in the American people by the war, the best way, as it seems to me, is to turn to the men of that day in the humble guise of disciples to learn and imitate. To follow their example, and do as they would wish, to strive earnestly and unceasingly for their patriotism, sincerity, unselfishness, and truth in all that relates to our country, is the best monument we can rear, and the best tribute we can pay, to our dead soldiers.

Let us never forget that, as they died in a great cause, so should "Still their spirit walk abroad." Let us ever remember that they served their country best of all; that the highest duty is to keep that country

ever worthy of their sacrifice ; that the noblest homage is to do as they did ; and that, to resemble them and be true to their memory, we must be of their spirit, — of the spirit which said, twenty years ago, to these men : —

“ We must forget all feelings save the *one*,
We must resign all passions save our purpose,
We must behold no object save our country,
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.”

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